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The Fall of Babylon

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"Night's solemn hush had fallen o'er the land."

The Fall of Babylon

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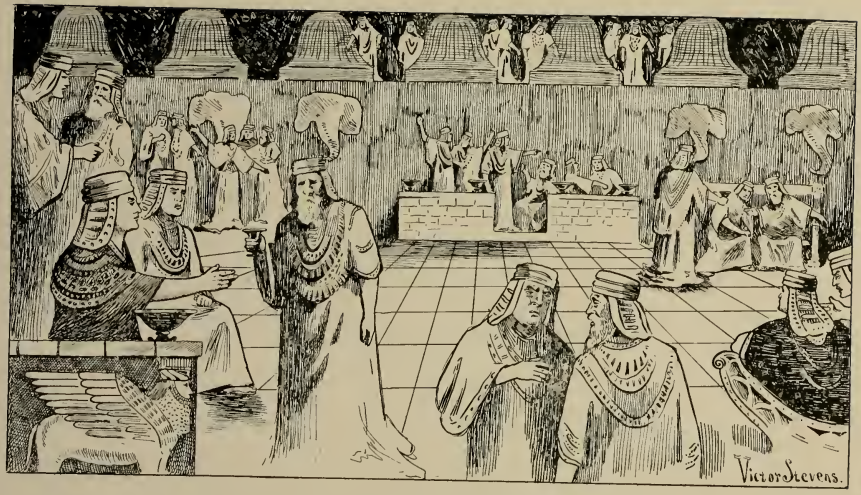
The Fall of Babylon

NIGHT'S solemn hush had fallen
o'er the land,
And hid within its somber folds that
city grand.
Babylon, whose walls so vast and high,
Seemed met in mid-air by the lowering
sky;
Whose palaces and many works of art
Were known and famed in every city,
town and mart;

Whose king, though young and lately to
the throne,
For indolence and wickedness was wide-
ly known;
And who, depending on his towers and
wall,
Laughed to scorn the thought that Bab-
ylon could fall.

BELSHAZZAR, the greatest mon-
arch of the East,
This night prepared before his lords a
feast,
And sat him down 'mid revelry and din,
To pass the night in wickedness and sin.



"The lords and nobles thronged about the king."

Full well he knew that yonder on the
plain,
The Persian king and army long had
lain,
Seeking an entrance to that city strong
and great,
And vowing they would enter soon or
late.

BUT tonight, within the palace by
the side
Of the Euphrates, dark and deep and
wide,
The lords and nobles thronged about
the king,

Who called his servants and ordered
them to bring
The gold and silver vessels, fill them to
the brim,
And pass them to the guests that feasted
there with him.

WHAT cared Belshazzar though
the king
Against him all his hosts of war should
bring?
Why fear an army, be it great or small—
How could they hope to scale that
mighty wall?

Secure, self-satisfied, and full of vain
conceit,
Belshazzar thought the Persian army
must retreat.
Babylon, in sin and wickedness that
night,
Was ruled by Folly, Shame and Might;
There in that palace flowed the wine
and song,
And sin and Satan held that mighty
throng.

BUT stay, a hand appears upon the
wall!
A shiver and a cry run through the ban-
quet hall!

For there in letters burning bright as gold,
The hand is writing with stroke so firm and bold.
Only an instant– the hand has vanished quite!
But on the wall is yet the message burning bright!
"What meaneth this?" at length spoke up the king;
"Astrologers, soothsayers, unfold to me this thing;
Who interprets this strange writing that we see,
I will promote to the third ruler under me."

THEN all the wise men gathered 'round,
Yet none among them could be found
Who could interpret or this message read—
All were speechless in Belshazzar's hour of need.
Then came the queen and told her lord the king,
There dwelt within the city one, whom if they would bring
And place before them in the banquet hall,
Would show them the meaning of it all.

FROM prison Daniel came and sad,
yet fearless read,
The words that filled the multitude with
fear and dread:
"O king, Belshazzar, for thy many wick-
ed ways,
The Lord, this night hath numbered
thee thy days;
Weighed in the balance, wanting thou
art found—
Thy kingdom be divided to the Medes
and Persians 'round."
And while he spoke, a tumult rose with-
out;
A clash of arms and many a deaf'ning
shout;

"A clash of arms and many a deaf'ning shout."

The palace gates where brave men
fought and fell,
Gave way before the Persians that sang
the city's knell;
The king, Belshazzar, seeing all was
lost,
Drew forth his sword and sold his life
at fearful cost,
But he was slain within that banquet
hall—
Thus did that mighty king and kingdom
fall.

THE Medes and Persians, by strat-
agem so bold
Had gained an entrance to the city, we
are told,

By turning from its course the Euphrates wide and deep,
While Belshazzar feasted and the city was asleep.

LITTLE LAYS OF CHILDHOOD DAYS.

Go A'Dreaming.

Come little fellow, you're tired of play,
  Put up your books and toys;
You've romped and whistled and talked all
      day
  And filled the house with noise.
The moon is high in the eastern sky,
  Its rays come dancing, streaming—
Come little fellow put up your toys,
  'Tis time to go a'dreaming.

Come little fellow, you're tired I know
  And soon will be fast asleep;
Come and be off to Slumberland
  While the dark'ning shadows creep;
Come and away in dreams to play,
  Where harm is only seeming,
And where you feel that joy is real—
  'Tis time to go a'dreaming.

Papa, Be a Good Boy.

My daily occupation leads me early from my home,
But there are floating ringlets I see where'er I roam;
A childish voice is speaking that fills my heart with joy,
I hear her now so plainly:"Papa, be a good boy."

Her chubby arms thrown 'round my neck as I am bending low,
I bid her be a good girl always just before I go,
To which her childish fancy and her love without alloy,
Prompts her to return with fervor: "Papa, be a good boy."

And oft amid the busy cares and toil and daily strife,
When I am forced to meet temptations, as all must do in life,
Then her parting admonition my selfish thoughts destroy,
I hear her saying softly: "Now, papa, be a good boy."

When Ma Puts Out the Light.

Long 'bout nine in winter time,
  Ma sez: "It's gettin' late—
You fellers got your lessons?
  Put up your books and slate—
Up to bed, you sleepy-head!
  And when you're kivered quite,
One of you jest holler down—
  I'll come put out the light."

Nen we hustle off up-stairs
  An' soon are rompin' big;
Jack hits me with a pillow,
  An' I give him a dig;
Nen Ma comes an' frowns, an' sez:
  "My! My! Ain't things a sight!"
Nen we settle down as still—
  For Ma puts out the light.

An' everything is quiet then;
  The wind goes "Whiz-z!" and "Who-o!"
An' there's a shaky feelin'
  Comes creepin' in and through;
We think of all our badness
  An' wish that we'd done right—
Fer it's lonesome, cold, and dark,
  When Ma puts out the light!

Nobody But Jim.

"Whose little fellow are you?" I asked;
And, "Who is this, anyway?"
But soberly drawing a "man" or "house",
I could not get him to say.

"My little fellow?" I asked again;
"Come and sit on my knee—"
A smile played over his features,
But never a word said he.

Soon and his picture was finished,
And to please the childish whim,
I looked, praised it, then asked: "Who's this?"
Said he: "Nobody but Jim."

I gathered him up in strong embrace,
My eyes grew strangely dim,
And I thanked the Giver of life and joy,
For little "Nobody but Jim."

At Gettysburg.

A little four-year, blue-eyed boy
  Climbed his Grandpa's knee,
And begged a story of Gettysburg:
  "Now Grandpa, what did you see?"

"We went to the war to fight, my lad,
  On many a glorious field,
And many were shot and killed
  Because they would not yield.

"Hundreds of men in battle array
  Clad in gray or blue,
And all were bearing bayonets
  To thrust each other through.

"The drums beat loud, the fifers blew,
  And the bugle call was heard;
The column advanced to certain death
  When the Captain gave the word.

"The cannon roared from hill to hill,
The shot fell thick and fast,
And the bravest heart expected then
Each moment would be the last.

"But we gained the victory, my lad,
The enemy turned and fled,
And on the bloody battlefield
Thousands were left for dead."

"Grandpa," spoke the boy at last,
In a trembling voice and low:
"You must have killed a lot of men—
How many, do you know?"

"Well, boy, the smoke was thick,
So thick I could not see;
But I shot and killed as many of them
As they shot and killed of me."

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